

"STAND TO"

By 2571



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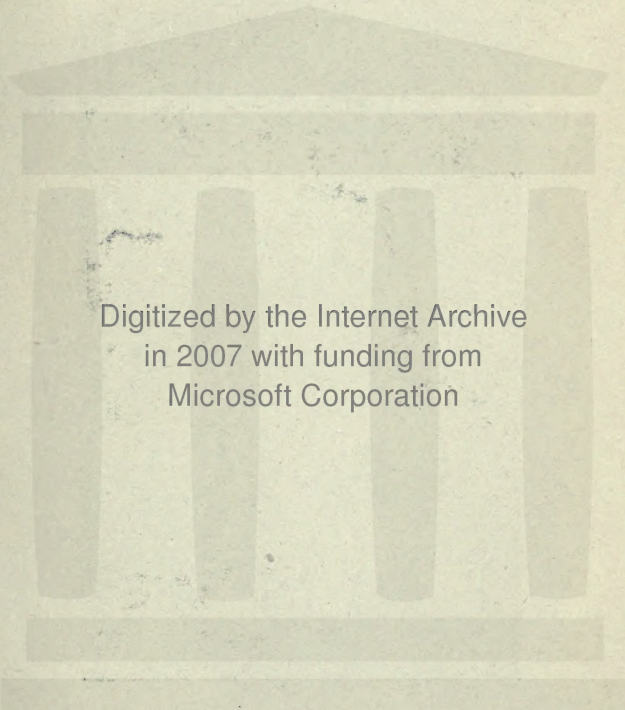
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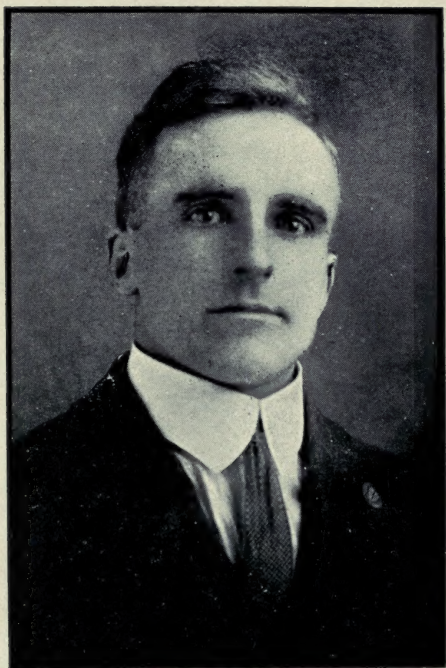
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GEORGE PALMER, —2571—

“STAND TO”

By

2571



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by George Palmer.



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"STAND TO."

By 2571.

Author's note:

In presenting these verses to the public, I wish to say that they are produced almost exactly as they were written in trench, barn, dugout, bivouac and billet, during four years of active service in France and Belgium, and one year in England. It is owing to the insistent requests of my comrades for copies of what they are pleased to term verses, that these little stories are now appearing in print.

GEORGE PALMER,

Enlisted August, 1914;

Discharged August, 1919.

**Calgary, Alberta,
October, 1919.**

ILLUSTRATIONS

Author.

Charge of Canadians near Ypres.

The British capture Montauban, July 1st.

Tales of Flanders.

RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO THOSE OF
OUR COMRADES WE LEFT "OVER THERE."

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THE BRITISH CAPTURE MONTAUBAN, JULY 1.

Infantry, mainly Lancashire troops, supported by men from the Home Counties, including Surrey, Kent, Essex, Bedford and Norfolk.

“FOREWORD”

Old Comrade,
Take this book for what it's worth,
Its joy and sorrow, anguish, mirth,
Herein no striving for effect,
Its faults are easy to detect,
But deeds that you will recollect,
The life you lived is here reflect.
Should you read and find it true,
Verse by verse the whole way through,
And think a part of it is you,
The thoughts you had, the things you'd do;
Give it to your growing son,
Tell him how the game was won,
Then should there kindle in his face,
Pride of Country—Pride of Race
And in his spirit you should trace,
A keen desire to take your place,
E'en though I worked in mud and rain
My task will not have been in vain.

—AUTHOR.

*So this is what is called the war,
This murder, blood, and lust,
We're scientific savages,
Just underneath the crust.*

THE ADVANCE

The noise had been appalling, for just about a week,
The boys who came to us that night, had no desire to
speak,

A big attack was coming off, that we knew for sure,

The thund'rous roar of all those guns, for some was
quite a lure.

The flash and flame along the line, was lighting up
the sky,

It seemed as if the gates of Hell, were opened up close
by.

Our first line from Fritzie, was three hundred yards
or so,

Barb-wire and machine gun forts, were melting just
like snow.

You see some lads look for a place, to try and sleep a
wink

Some were gazing at the sight, while others can but
think—

“We’re going over very soon, I wonder who’ll come
through,”

You’re asking if it’s four o’clock, and wishing for it too.

At four fifteen to be exact, you are to be all set,

It’s getting very close at last, so on your feet you get

The rifle with the bayonet fixed, bombs—you have a
few

A husky word, here and there, ah! the whistle blew.

You scramble up and over, then scatter in the mist,
Your nerves are none too steady, you clench a muddy
fist,

You try to think of orders, then slowly trot ahead,
In spite of all the clinging mud, that weighs you down
like lead.

The pal upon the right there fell headlong in the mire,
Another one just on the left is struggling in the wire,
You see a few go under, they fall with scarce a sound,
The whistle blows and down you go, to hug the damp,
wet ground.

The wall of shrapnel moves along, you scramble up
again,

You're in the Huns' first stretch of wire, you see some
of their slain,

A piece of leg and there an arm, such awful, gruesome
work,

You glance down into shell holes, where p'raps the foe
may lurk.

You jump down in a charnel house that once had been
a trench,

There you're quickly greeted with that nauseating
stench.

Men buried there in dug-outs, then blown out again,
While searching for a hidden foe—you wonder if
you're sane.

No resistance here at all, you scan the line along,
As far as mist will let you see, your numbers are still
strong;

Once more the whistle sounds out shrill, you feel quite
glad to move,

Our skill in shifting barrage fire, that wall does surely
prove.

It lifts again and on you go, with blood all surging hot,
You feel the call of ancient man, your veins begin to
knot,

You're anxious for the second line—you want to get
to grips,

The sweat is pouring from your face—the salt is on
your lips.

The rattle of machine-guns is heard above the din,
Just another twenty yards—the second line you're in,
Bombs are bursting everywhere—the bullets, how they
hum!

One just struck your helmet, another one your thumb.
With rifle in the left hand you're bombing with the
right,

You shriek and shout with savage glee and mad desire
to fight.

The mist has cleared away at last, the smoke is thin-
ning, too,

The jagged shell-torn waste in front comes plainly to
your view.

A pre-historic mammoth creeps just along the front,
Snorts of flame and smoke come forth, you hear a
 rythmic grunt,
Bullets flatten on her side, but still she creeps along,
With motion like a reptile, and streak of flame for
 tongue.

The Huns will throw their bombs at her in agonizing
 fear,

Then will shriek, despairingly: "Der tank, der tank
 is near."

The trench falls in beneath her weight, the wire flat-
 tens out,

Resistance here is useless—the foe is put to rout.

"Bombs are wanted on the run," the cry goes back
 with speed,

You're bombing all along the trench—more and more
 you need.

Down in the cave-like dugouts, you throw just one or
 two,

Then cries of "Kamerad" come forth from captives
 quite a few.

All are pale and dirty, with full week's growth of
 beard,

Across a pallid countenance, the brand of hate is
 seared.

They're gathered up in batches, then started for the
 rear,

Some gibbering there like madmen, others cringing
 low with fear.

The second line is in your hands, the word is passed
and heard,

Your work is not yet finished—you have yet to get the
third.

Another unit's mixed with you—you see a different
sign,

P'raps it's just a patch of red, or maybe one blue line.

You wonder why your thumb don't hurt and why
you're still alive—

The "zing" of bullets overhead is like a monstrous
hive.

You've noticed men all crumple up, some flat upon
their chest,

And when you start to move again some don't rise
with the rest.

At last the great objective's seen, just across the wire,
The rat-tat-tat is all you hear of quick machine-gun
fire,

You near the spitting streak of flame that's partly
there concealed,

They're firing at an angle across the shell-torn field.

A Mills bomb there you firmly grasp, while pulling out
the pin,

You hesitate for one, two, three, then lob the missile
in.

The bomb has landed fair and square within that little
place,

There's just one Hun that can crawl out—he's gashed
across the face.

The captives come with arms outstretched from dug-
outs by the score,
Six from here and ten from there—you see them more
and more.
“Mercy, Kamerad,” they cry, and offer you a ring,
A knife, or watch for souvenir, will give you anything.
You’re glad to see your officer, he surely played the
game,
Throwing bombs there with the rest, and swearing just
the same,
The airmen, too, like birds of prey, are swooping
everywhere,
They flash a sign to those that wait back in the rear
somewhere.

You have to work like fury now, fill up the sandbags
quick,
The German shells are falling, but to the job you stick.
Hell’s let loose again on you—a scream, a flash, a thud,
Your mate is stretched a quivering heap, and you’re
splashed with his blood.
He was full of life a while ago—he’s now a huddled
mass,
You turn aside and hear the cry: “Look out there,
for the gas,”
You almost choke before you’re fixed, at last you
breathe quite free,
A film forms on the eyepiece—you find it hard to see.

Our field guns boom like thunder, shells pass right
overhead

And mow the count'ring Germans down with their
weight of lead.

The Huns advance in thousands—our Lewis' all work
good,

Drum follows drum, you watch one work near corner
of the wood.

Your rifle now is jammed with mud, you fling it to
one side,

You seize another one close by, that you have just
descried,

You shoot and shoot with blurry aim until the gun
gets hot,

Your ammunition has run out, some more then must
be got.

With fingers not quite steady, unclasp your mate's
right pouch,

Then get back to the hole you've made there in posi-
tion crouch.

You wonder if they will succeed—they're coming very
fast;

They're falling very thickly—Ah! they've stopped at
last!

They hesitate and falter, some turn round to run,

Flesh and blood can stand no more—our battle now
is won.

The line advanced on ten-mile front, you hang on like
grim death,

You hear the cry "The gas is done"—you take a long,
deep breath.

*So this is what is called the war,
This murder, blood, and lust,
We're scientific savages,
Just underneath the crust.*

"THE LADIES OF HELL."

To the skirl of the pipes and the snarl of the drone,
Comes a call from the Highlands, the clan's battle
moan,
With kilts that are swaying in rythmic swell,
Here marching along come the "Ladies of Hell."

Ladies frae Hell,
The pipers yell;
Sons of old Scotlan'
Frae corrie and dell.

Here come the brave Gordons, outstepping so true;
Argyll and the Sutherlands, Camerons, too;
Black Watch and the Seaforths—we know them all
well,
See the proud stance of the Ladies of Hell.

Ladies frae Hell;
Sound as a bell;
Sons of dear Scotlan'
Whom none can excel.

Trenchwards they're marching, "sae lively and gay,"
They've been there before, full many's the day;
The Boche spake the truth (for once), naming them
well,
When he dubbed our braw fighters the Ladies of Hell.

Ladies frae Hell;
Scornful of shell;
The sons of brave Scotlan'
Our foemen know well.

A charge to be made? A trench to be won?
Keen to commence—accounting it fun.
The enemy looks, and emits just one yell
Ere he turns round to run from the Ladies of Hell.

Ladies of Hell,
At them pell-mell,
Each shout of true Scotlan'
A German's death knell.

The "Cock of the North" the pipers will play,
As, back from the slaughter, all blood, sweat, and clay
Come the Jocks and the Macs, and the Donalds as
well,
With a name that will stick—"the Ladies of Hell."

Ladies frae Hell,
Nothing can quell,
The sons of auld Scotlan'
From brae, bank and fell.

PAY-DAY IN FRANCE.

When the bugle sounds for pay, everyone will make
a rush,

It's the one parade for us (or for any other crush),
That means so very much, in this battered land of
France,

Where for days and weeks and months we live as in
a trance.

The N C O's come first, then in the order named,
From A to Z they're grinning all—the sick, the halt,
the maimed.

When in the line or out, it's all the same to us,
We have a little shindig, or kick up a little fuss.

Most of the lads will leave the line, just as they get
their pay,

And go around the corner to "Le bon estaminet,"
"Deux cafe rhum, toute suite, Madame, Je suis beau-
coup tres soif,"

"Encore, Madame, sil vous plait (here, is that
enough?)

Your "tres bon" beer and "Vin Blanc" too, is "No
bon," you see;

Madame with a smiling face says, "Oui, monsieur,
com-pree."

The sergeant with just twice the dough, will order up
champagne,

With swanky style before "Mamselle"—just thinks
he's raising Cain.

Four or five will form a school, and poker will be
played
With the little twenty francs will tempt the fickle jade.
The limit is about a franc, you hear someone shout
He'll last about an hour, perhaps, will have to then
get out.

I'm broke until next payday unless I get a sub,
Will move away and walk around, down sits an-
other "dub."

This one has a streak of luck that makes the others
groan,
All next week he'll hear the cry, "How's chances for
a loan?"

Some will go and try their luck, with "anchor and the
crown,"

Will stick a five on "mud-hook" as the cup goes upside
down,

Will watch there very closely, the fever in the brain,
When up she comes three diamonds, and the old
man wins again.

Some have a go at "shooting crap" — wishing for
eleven,

Will shoot the bones three times or so, then up will
come a seven.

We also have the food-hog—buys all that's to be seen,
Will go around with twenty francs and clear the whole
canteen.

Perhaps you buy some polish your kit to keep in shape,
You have to keep your buttons clean, though shirt
 may be like crape.

Perhaps you want a souvenir to send to folks back
 home,

You want five francs on Sunday, when into town you
 roam.

You find out there are things you want, when all your
 money's gone,

You feel you ought to have a pass, the "sights" to
 gaze upon.

You do the same thing every time and so the game
 goes on;

You'll do it for the next five years, until the war is
 won.

"BILL AND DAN."

The Story the Canadian Sergeant Told.

"He's out again tonight, boys—he's there between the lines;

He'll be bringing in a prisoner or will find one of their mines.

I'd like to know what's in his head, he never says a word;

I wonder where he comes from—p'raps some of you have heard."

Then cross the "bags" creeps old Bill and jumps down in the mud,

A Boche's rifle in his hand, the bayonet smeared with blood;

I knew there was a story, was bold enough to ask,

"Well now, sergeant," said old Bill, "you've given me quite a task.

"But if you care to hear it all, in my dug-out there is room."

So three of us went in with him and squatted in the gloom.

Here's the yarn Bill told us in his dug-out on that night,

With the whine of bullets overhead, 'mid the flick'ring star-shells' light,

"I met my pal, old Dan McPhail, sometime in '98,

We were hitting for the Yukon, each looking for a mate.

We both had caught the fever, that madd'ning search
for gold,
We toiled and grubbed together, all through that
Northern cold.
You lads wouldn't know what friendship meant, friend-
ship such as ours,
He nursed me when I broke a limb, and watched
through weary hours.
I valued him just more than life, he thought the same
of me,
He was all to me, and I to him, as true as pals could be.
We struck it rich up there at last, then started for the
east,
We went as far as Montreal, stayed three months at
the least.
In Toronto, too, we stayed a time, the wild got in
our brain,
That life did not suit us at all, we hit the trail again.
Vancouver to Prince Edward's Isle, Canada's far-
flung land,
We roamed and trapped, and shot at will—clear eye
and steady hand.
Were only rivals in one thing—who could shoot the
best,
Scores of times we tried quite hard, to put our skill
to test.
All makes of guns we would use on different kinds of
game,
On timber wolf and grizzly bear, we both could do
the same.

For sixteen years we stuck like glue, then this war
came on,
We'd built a cabin at the time close to Lake Nipigon.
'This war's a man's game, Bill,' said Dan; 'let's go
upon the tramp,'
So we enlisted with the first, down at Valcartier
Camp.
At last we sailed from Gaspé Bay, and came to Salis-
bury Plain,
There we mucked all winter long, in the mud and
rain.
We came to France with the first, and were put in the
line.
Old Dan and I were snipers, and sure were doing fine
Until one day mistake was made—the Huns there
made a rush,
Our boys were just surrounded, we two were in the
crush.
I was helpless as a prisoner, made signs to get a
drink,
One struck at me with rifle butt, and I just ceased to
think.
What happened after that you see, one of our sergeants
told,
When he had finished talking, my blood had all turned
cold.
When Dan my pal saw me fall, he gave an awful yell,
He seized and held that German's throat and choked
him into Hell.
They had old Dan secure at last, when he had laid
out three,

They took him then into a town, and nailed him to a tree.

Nailed him upside down, oh God! the low-down sons of Hell,

They took me there to see my pal, foul work was done too well.

While they gloated at my misery I vowed a vengeance deep;

I've sat and planned things in the night, instead of going to sleep.

About six months I worked for them, picked up some of their talk,

The chance of freedom came at last—I was working with a fork,

Pitching bundles in a field, my guard was on the ground,

I put the pitchfork in his neck—he died without a sound.

I took his cap and tunic and travelled fast all night,
The direction that I went in was t'wards the star-shells' light.

I killed a sentry on the road with only my bare hand,
Got in their trench and through a gap, so into "No Man's Land,"

Then heard a muttered whispering in a language that I knew,

And whispered, "Hi, you folks back there, tell me what lot are you."

But kept down there in shell-hole, in case of rifle shot,
No use taking chances now, they would sooner shoot than not.

Six of them on night patrol, those gallant boys, the
French,

They questioned me a little while, then got in their
trench.

I told my tale to their O.C.—he surely acted white,
Arranged for me to stay with them and help them
with the fight.

I've been along this line, boys, from Ypres to the
Somme,

And also done some sniping with the French around
Mort Homme,

I have a special permit to snipe along the front
Wherever there is sniping I want to bear the brunt.

My life without old Dan is a lonely, dull affair,

As long as I have life to live, to kill is all I care.

I've taken toll of Germans, I've fought them night
and day,

For what they did to my old pal I've made them dearly
pay.

I'll stick around in mud and wet, in sodden, tortured
France

If any time a German shows at him I want a chance.

That little incident tonight about this Boche's gun,
Pity? Bah! I have none now to show to any Hun.

Two of them in "Listening Post," one was half asleep,
I grabbed his "gat" and ran him through—he fell there
in a heap.

The other one was far too scared to send up any shout,
I caught him by his wind-pipe and his life then went
out.

An N C O came creeping out, on him I had to gloat,
I recognized his features as I gripped him by the
throat.

It was the same sharp-featured Hun who had cruci-
fied old Dan,

When I had finished with him there he didn't resemble
man."

Old Bill looked up with blood-shot eyes, we thought
he was insane,

"Look out there, boys, I can't stay here, I must go
out again;

Old Dan is calling me back there. I'm coming, Dan,"
he cries,

We saw him getting through the wire as a star-shell
crossed the skies.

A Maxim rattled out its note and spat its hail of lead,
Old Bill went down as he would wish, 'twas there we
found him—dead

He's buried now behind the lines, a pal both staunch
and true,

We printed on his little cross: "DAN, I'VE COME
TO YOU."

AN AIR FIGHT.

He scans the skies
With steady eyes
Until his sight makes out,
A tiny speck,
He cranes his neck—
A German 'plane, no doubt.

His engine roars
And upward soars
The tested 'plane so true,
The cunning foe
Just seems to know
What our man means to do

With banking rise
Each swiftly tries
To gain the upper hand.
A downward swoop,
Or loop the loop—
Lives held by such a strand

A sudden dip,
An upward flip,
Machine guns spitting lead.
A skilful swerve—
"Good God, what nerve!"
The men in trenches said.

They turn around
Far from the ground,
Five thousand feet or more.
Each seems to know
One has to go
Before that fight is o'er.

A lucky shot
In vital spot,
A sick'ning, spinning fall;
The Hun machine
It can be seen
A wreck near Long-e-val.

GREATER LOVE.

You knew him, a typical vagrant,
The hobo in khaki, the rummy,
His misdeeds always were flagrant,
Unshaven, unpolished, and crummy.

We had him—knew him as "Sandy,"
His crime-sheet, Oh! it was rank;
With fist and with tongue he was handy;
His past—well, had best be a blank.

Trade "Bully" for wine to the Frenchies,
Rum issues he bought for a franc;
Whenever he went to the trenches
His bottle had booze, and he drank.

Night of Hell! I'll never forget it,
The enemy came on a raid,
We scrambled in front and then met it,
And fought through the night unafraid.

I got it in chest and in shoulder,
Was helpless, half-buried in mud;
'Twas snowing and getting much colder,
I was freezing and lying in blood.

There waiting for Death, the releaser,
Came a voice harsh and wheezy that cried,
"It's a ration of rum that yer want, sir,"
Then "Sandy" crawled up to by side.

"Take it—I've more," he said, pleading;
"Drink it, or you'll need a grave."
The spirit himself he was needing—
'Twas MY life he wanted to save.

Sandy, though shot and though dying,
Sandy, the bo and the bum,
Saved me with words that were lying,
He gave me his last drop of rum.

A hobo, a waster, a rummy,
His habits he never could mend;
Unshaven, unwanted and crummy,
He gave up his life for a friend.

JIM LANE (LONELY SOLDIER).

Most of us would get some mail, about three times a
week,
But parcel never came or letter ever seek
A certain private in our crowd who's name was Jimmy
Lane,
Six foot two and solid through, and features very plain.
When his story you have heard, the way Jim won a
wife,
You'll smile at yours and then remark: "This is a
funny life."
He's married now and quite content, he's done his
little bit,
You wish to hear his little yarn—well, here, this is it.
He came to France from overseas, civilian friends he'd
none,
He'd see us get our parcels, when our day's work was
done;
Of course he'd get a share of mine—with him I would
divide;
'Twas letters that he wanted most, to me he would
confide.
One day I made suggestion: "Write to the Daily Mail
Enclosing name and address, they'll print it without
fail;
Say you're a lonely soldier, would like to correspond
With someone in Old Blighty, as of reading you are
fond."

Jim adopted my suggestion, and we waited patiently,
We were up in the trenches, it was our turn you see,
Then one night with the rations came a very heavy
mail,

But when the sergeant read the names, I for one
turned pale.

Letters? There were hundreds, nearly all of them
for Jim,

Some were in a scrawly style, others typed and trim,
Maidens young and maidens old, answered Jim's bold
call;

He was in an awkward fix—how could he answer all?

The next mail in was just the same—Jim wore a wor-
ried look,

To read but half those letters a heap of courage took.
In despair he came to me and said: "What shall I do?"
"You wait till we go out," I said; "I wish that I
were you."

We were relieved that very night, for two or three
weeks' rest,

Got billets in a little town, my thoughts were of the
best

To think of all the parcels upon the road for Jim—
They should soon be arriving, here's what I said to
him:

"Put those letters in a sack, shake them once or twice,
It's going to be a gamble, just like shaking dice.
Pick one out, no matter which, give the rest away,
Write to the one you've chosen—you should know
what to say."

The chosen one turned out to be a girl in Bedford town,

She said, "I've sent a parcel—my name is Susie Brown."

The parcel with a hundred more came along that day,
The regiment stood just as one man and watched Jim give away:

Socks and shirts and handkerchiefs, Oxo cubes and gum,

Writing pads and pencils, stuff for coughs and crum,
Scented soap and razor straps, soap to wash the clothes,

Cakes there were how many Goodness only knows;
Magazines of current date, some of nineteen-four,
Novels, books and cigarettes, sweetmeats by the score,
Pots of jam and sardines too, strawberries in a can,
Everything that women think will please the "inner man."

The parcel sent from Susie Brown we placed upon the side,

"That's just for you and me alone—that's special," Jimmy cried.

Those parcels were acknowledged, some help was given of course,

Jim wrote all night and half next day—he worked just like a horse.

At last we were all straightened out and went to get our tea,

Jim pulled out Susie's parcel neat, and opened it to see
The stuff that dear young lady to him had kindly sent,
And when he saw those lovely eats he smiled a great content.

First of all, a sweet cream cheese, set in a metal dish,
A can of peaches, with some cream as sweet as one
could wish;
A home-made cake (enough for two), a roll of English
bread,
Then when he saw real butter, Jim turned to me and
said:
"I'll write tonight to Susie Brown and thank her very
much,
The parcel she has sent to me looks far too nice to
touch."
We cleaned up every crumb at last, for one thing I
am glad,
Since putting on a uniform that's the best meal I
have had.

Miss Brown and Jim wrote once a week, as steady as
could be,
When he got leave to "Blighty" Miss Brown he went
to see;
He came back with a joyful face, and when I ques-
tioned him
"You know how nice the parcel was—she's just the
same," said Jim.
Two months ago we both had leave—best man I had
to be,
Jim bought a little residence near Brighton-by-the-Sea,
He gets a parcel every week, and letters by the score,
He's happy as a husband and not lonely any more.

AIR REPRISALS.

Everybody talks of war,
Like they never did before,
Our people are all standing round in groups,
Discussing this and that,
And passing round the hat
To buy such things as comforts for the troops.

The men there at Whitehall
Both great ones and the small,
Are planning things to make the Germans quail,
They burn the midnight oil,
The Hunnish schemes to foil,
While Taubes are dropping bombs here, just
like hail.

It makes the people frantic
When the clergy so pedantic
Say reprisals are not needed just to win,
Why not turn the table
At dropping bombs we're able,
Let's have a go at strafing Old Berlin.

We have the men and planes
That bomb munition trains,
And carry out reconaissance in France,
So send the just one word
And they'll mount just like a bird
And be glad because at last they have the
chance.

The Germans laugh with glee
At all the misery
They are causing in our gallant little isle;
Our bombs just let them taste,
They won't be in such haste
To let their faces break out in a smile.

The lads in trenches worry,
For they are in a hurry
To see our gallant airmen cross the Rhine;
Let them drop their bombs galore
Then come back for more,
That's one sure way we'll get the foe to whine.

Bomb Potsdam and Cologne,
Bomb those who're near the throne,
Bomb them in a way they'll understand,
That at the bombing game
We can do just the same,
But we'll drop them with a still more lavish
hand.

The "Zephs" which they had made,
In which they did us raid,
Met with a very quick and frightful end;
Their submarines also,
We'll soon have them in tow,
And bombing planes are now all they can send.

So let us all be glad,
We've no reason to be sad,
We can carry into Germany the war,
The fight will not be won
Until that deed is done,
Then, we can talk of "Peace for Evermore."

(The foregoing verses were written when the people
of England were demanding air reprisals on a
treacherous enemy.)

R.I.P.
INCONNU.

Just a little cross of wood, beside a shell-swept stream,
I gazed at it and stood, wond'ring as in a dream,
 An unknown soldier buried there,
 Came to fight from—who knows where?
 A hero, who with all the rest
 Had come out here to do his best.
This his final muddy bed where blood-red poppies grow
Cornflowers nodding o'er his head, and wheat will
 gently blow.

Sad thoughts will not be denied, seated near a grave,
How and when had this man died? Was he a French-
 man brave?

 Was he one of our British boys,
 Not long left his home and joys?
 Was he one of the foe?
 Nothing to tell me—no;

An overseas man the thought, with home far away to
 the West,
The lure of adventure had caught and hurried along
 with the rest.

War is ever thus, 'tis said, always the unknown,
Missing, wounded, sick and dead—graves are over-
 grown,

 Anxious ones at home still waiting,
 Wife or mother agitating,
 Wishing the beloved one back,
 Suff'ring tortures on the rack.

Ah! you nameless dead, what links you with the past?
Did you die with words unsaid, or leave a friendly hand
 unclasped?

Who's were the reverent hands to make this wooden
cross?
Are they also at rest—does someone mourn their loss?
Some will come in afteryear
To seek for him they held so dear,
Here by a shell-swept stream
Will come, or so 'twould seem
To kneel and pray, and show their faith in him who
died,
And ask for strength to bear THEIR cross, in holy,
righteous pride.

THE BOMBING SQUADRON.

Before the day has dawned, they mount into the skies,
And far above the clouds they search with eagle eyes,
The first to see the breaking day and touch the lip of
dawn,

These flying gods of ours, upon this summer's morn.
The steady drone of engines is plainly to be heard,
Straining eye below will seek the rival of the bird,
The leader of a squadron bold, in flying angle line,
A sight to hold one spellbound, a thrilling, hopeful
sign.

They cross the line at daybreak to search the foe's
domain,

Regardless of the "Archies" or scouting German 'plane,
A curt assignment to fulfil, in spite of Taube or shell,
Munition dump must be destroyed, the work must be
done well.

Just half an hour of steady flight, their object is in
view,

A lengthened swooping dive so neat, distance gauged
so true,

Each one sends a share of bombs upon desired spot,
Circle round and swoop again, till all the bombs are
shot.

Dense clouds of smoke and debris from the ground
arise,

The dump destroyed, their job is done, they mount
into the skies,

Circling once, the bearing gained, they head then
straight for home,

Formation taking place once more as through the
clouds they roam.

One boy pays the bitter price—he's seen to crash and
flame,

Who is he? They don't know yet, but there, it's in
the game,

The sport of gods and devils too, afloat there on the
wing,

Mere mortals on the ground below, their praises all
must sing.



CHARGE OF CANADIANS NEAR YPRES.
The Dominion troops retaking lost trenches.

ALGY BROWN.

This took place near Festubert, some time in May—15,
We were building up the parapet so that we couldn't
be seen,

Were thinking of some bully, with perhaps a drink
of tea,

When Phut! a bullet hit my mate, just barely missing
me.

Another missile came along, I'd a ringing in my ear,
And in my "Little Mary" a sinking touch of fear,
Says I, my lad, if you intend to grow old and wealthy,
You'd better move away from here—this spot is far
from healthy.

All that day the sniper had his eye upon that place,
And search around just as we would of him we saw
no trace.

At last it got unbearable—he'd shot three of our lads,
When who speaks up but "Algy" Brown, he of the
many fads:

"Let me go out and try my luck to find that sniping
Hun,

Give me your permission, sir, and let me have your
gun."

The word was passed all down the line, and then the
coast was clear,

So through the weeds he wormed his way without a
sign of fear.

We knew not his intention, nor just where he would
go,
One thing sure: About this time he kept his head
quite low;
We carried on then as before, but watched the danger
spot,
And sat around in sun and stench; the day was fairly
hot.
Then someone had a good idea: "Let's make a dummy
figure,
We'll stick it up against the wall—the Hun will pull
the trigger,
That will give Old Algy the chance he's looking for,
He might with luck locate the Hun, then Fritz will
snipe no more."

The dummy man was shot at twice, the sniper then got
wise,
And saw what he was shooting at when he had made
bulls-eyes,
But that was what had turned the trick later we were
told,
The dummy man had served his turn, the sniper had
been sold.
That evening in the twilight dusk we heard a grunt-
ing groan,
It was our hero coming back, but he was not alone,
A ragged, grey-clad, bearded Hun, a picture of despair
Was coming right towards us in good old Algy's care.

They scrambled in the trench at last, the sniper's face
was grey,
But Algy had his silly grin, and this was all he'd say:
"I couldn't kill the blighter, because he wouldn't fight,
Give him a piece of bully, perhaps he needs a bite."

Some fellows wished to feed him, others then said No,
The German understood a bit and fear began to show,
We stood there arguing the point what to do with
him,
Someone suggested "Do him in, 'twas him that killed
Old Jim."

The Boche went down upon his knees and started in
to plead,
We puzzled what to do with him till Algy gave the
lead,
"Fetch the Captain here at once, he'll tell us what to
do,
It's no use standing here like this—you'll argue till
you're blue."
Just then our Captain came along and sized the
situation,
And ordered us to take him out—H.Q.—for infor-
mation.
The story that the prisoner told is neither here nor
there,
But Algy got the D.C.M. and Belgian Croix de
Guerre.

WOMEN WAR WORKERS—A TRIBUTE.

Just take your hats off, boys,
To our one-time only joys,
You must give them all the credit that is due,
They have not seen fit to boast,
So we'll drink to them a toast,
To the women of our Empire: "Here's to you!"

They put on the coat and cap,
And they nobly filled the gap,
Left by men who went to foreign parts to fight,
They have worked with might and main,
Used their strength and used their brain
All through the day and sometimes through
the night.

At munitions they have worked,
There is nothing they have shirked,
From the highest in the land down to the poor,
Every one they've played the game,
For themselves have made a name,
And have proved that they are grit right to the
core.

High society's fair dames
On us now have proved their claims,
They dropped their silks and satins with a will,
The wounded they would nurse,
And there's nothing that is worse
Than tending those all battered through the
mill.

In our busy city's life
'Mid the bustle and the strife,
They drive a car to keep things on the go,
They have made you stand and stare
As they drive a van and pair,
They're helping us defeat a common foe.

They work hard upon the trains,
Even work down in the drains
At tasks they work that make a man turn pale,
We have seen them with bare arms
At their work upon the farms—
There's nothing now at which they ever fail.

They have worked at every trade,
"Carried on" right through a raid,
They swore to stick it out until we won;
Every one has done her bit,
And most gladly, we admit,
If we'd let them carry arms, it would be done.

Their leaders all will tell us
We've no reason to be jealous,
When we are all returned from o'er the foam,
Our girls will all be pleased
And chances will be seized
To get settled in that little "Home, Sweet
Home."

"UP THE LINE."

Finish up that drop of tea, then rinse the mess-tin out,
You get it fastened on the pack in time to hear the
shout:

"Look lively there, all you lads—fall in and face the
road,"

You pick up kit and trappings that 'round about are
strewn.

Equipment eased into its place, helmet on the head,
Rifle flung across one arm, then slowly move ahead.
Like a monstrous reptile, shimmering in the sun
That rippling line of helmets starts out towards the
Hun.

A cheerful soul will start a song, a swinging marching
lilt,

The pace is felt, the sweat will start, and back the
helmets tilt,

The steady tramp of marching men inspires a mighty
thrill,

You swing along two kilos five, then hear a whistle
shrill.

Ten minutes' rest—time for a smoke—you squat upon
the ground,

Fags and pipes come into view, matches pass around.
Fall in again and on you go, a shattered village passed,
Leave the road, go through a field, the danger zone
at last.

See that group of shell-holes, hear that distant crump,
A high explosive's vicious burst, causes you to jump,
Dusk is falling rapidly, star-shells can be seen,
Over there's a rocket, two whites and then a green.
Passing now a shell-torn wood splintered stumps you
see,

There's the outline of a cross—the Christ on Calvary,
A devastated town you're in (here you get your guide)
The desolation round about the darkness helps to hide.

Communication trench starts here, form up in single
file,

Keep in touch with him in front—it's just about a
mile,

It's more like ten before you're through, slip and slide
and grouse,

You stop to rest beside a wreck that once had been a
house.

A shell explodes quite close to you—there is a startled
cry,

A lance-jack up ten yards in front has got it in the
thigh.

A stretcher-case for "Blighty," sure! he'll be all right,
A bullet whines just overhead, you move on through
the night.

Fitful bursts of rain come down, you soon are steam-
ing wet,

Then stumbling on a broken slat you rise with cursing
threat,

Clothes will brush the sodden wall, all dripping now
with slime,

You feel you'd like to hit someone, your thoughts are
now a crime.

The man in front's been here before, the place he seems
to know,
There's Centre Street, Dominion Square, and here is
Holy Row.
You wish it were reality—how nice to be back home,
But this is what you came for, it's why you crossed
the foam.

The sergeant takes things over, you hunt a place to
stay,
And talk to one who's going out, who blithely turns
to say:
"This dugout's clean (I don't think)—there's rats and
smells and mice,
The straw will keep you wide awake—it's crawling
now with lice."

The change is made in wet and dark, the others move
away,
You lean against the parapet, you hear the sergeant
say:
"You're for 'Listening Post' tonight—better get some
sleep,"
Out comes the little waterproof and into it you creep.

You are too cold and lousy to get to sleep at all,
You sit and talk or sit and think, while waiting for the
call,
Two other men go out with you, one a bomber bold,
You crouch and watch, and strain your eyes, while
shivering with the cold.

Your mind is seeing fancy shapes, your nerves are all
on edge,
You're cramped up in a muddy hole with rifle on the
ledge,
Do your turn and then come in, you see the misty
dawn,
Thank God, the day is starting, you welcome in the
morn.

COMMUNIQUE (British Official) October 17.—
On the night of the 16th we carried out a successful
raid against an enemy outpost. We took several pris-
oners and captured two machine guns. No casualties.

THE RAID.

The same old line of rumors: "We are to make a
raid,"
Our regiment was to do the "stunt," and preparations
made,
Bill and I had volunteered, when first we heard the
news,
As both of us were bombers, they surely couldn't
refuse.
A dozen men were wanted to give the Boche a shock,
He'd built a little fort at night, of concrete, steel, and
rock;
Built it square across the road, half-way between the
lines,
'Twas only sixty yards from us just through a clump
of pines.

Swampy land on either side, one good way to get in,
That was straight along the road, a death-trap, sure
as sin.

Fritz was much too close by far, he simply had to go,
How it was accomplished perhaps you'd like to know.

Twelve bombers bold with faces black, as nervous as
could be,
Waded out through mud and wet, 'twas dark, could
scarcely see,
With pulses throbbing furious we worked our way
quite near,
Until some muffled grunts and snores each one of us
could hear.

The German guards were sleeping, just one man
awake,
We saw his bayonet moving, Bill whispered, "Him I'll
take."
Slipping off his coat and boots he crawled up to the
road,
And crept along a fallen tree to where the bayonet
showed.
We saw his form against the sky, crouching like a cat,
He sprang and grasped that German and on him quick-
ly sat.
He did it all so quietly the others were not roused,
The rest of us crawled up to see just how old Fritz
was housed.

We gathered first the weapons, including Maxim guns,
In doing this we made a noise, and woke those sleep-
ing Huns;
Some cried aloud on seeing us, others looked for fight,
But a few blows with a bomber's club settled them all
right.
Soon they saw the game was up, and started in to
whine,
All except their N C O, who called us "nigger swine."
We hadn't time for souvenirs, there was work to do,
The Germans got their wounded pals—the dead ones
numbered two.

With ten of them as prisoners we started down the
road,
The engineers soon came up with cotton to explode,
Slabs of it, some three feet long, fastened to some
wood,
Placed it lengthwise on the fort where the guns had
stood.
The charge was set, they started back, paying out the
wire,
When safely landed in our trench the captain shouted
"Fire!"
A vast explosion shook the earth, the flash was fine
to see,
The fort destroyed, the work well done—without a
casualty.

GOING ON LEAVE.

(Exuberant Tommy Singing):

I've been in France for quite a while,
One thing sure has made me smile,
They've told me I'm the next to go on leave,
I'm acting up so mad, 'cause I'm so very glad,
I'm laughin', laughin', laughin' up my sleeve.
I've got my strip of green, see here it can be
seen—

I'm going home to "Blighty" on my leave.

I've parley-voued the French too long,
Wore sabots on the Continong,
I shrug my shoulders when I'm on parade,
I want to cross the foam, I'm anxious to get
home,

I don't care if there is a bombing raid.
I simply have to go and see a good old "show,"
And tell my story to a pretty maid.

I've been around to draw my pay,
It's what I call a perfect day,
I've got the cheque, I'm thankful to receive,
I'm going to have a time, just love and all
sublime,

There is no reason why that I should grieve.
I start tonight at eight, you bet I won't be late,
Roll on, Roll on, Roll on my Blighty Leave.

"RETURNED FROM LEAVE."

(Discontented Soliloquy)

"Watch for that sniper, chum,
Just around the bay,"
I was feeling too glum
Much heed the warning to pay;
Loaded down with equipment,
Along through the mud and the slush,
Feeling sad discontentment
As the wall of the trench I would brush.
Sweat in my eyes,
Cursing the flies,
Moving along all alone,
Back from the "Smoke,"
Gee! what a joke,
Only one day from Boulogne.

Yesterday morn was in "Blighty,"
Oh, what a life!
Days in old London the Mighty,
Far from the mud and the strife.
First leave I've had since the start,
Perhaps it's a year now or more,
You'd think I had finished my part,
"Oh blast it! To hell with the war!"
"Halt!" said old Fred,
"It's you—go ahead,
Have a good time in the 'Smoke?'
Don't speak a word,
Say, you're a bird,
You've had your good time—now you're
broke.

Back to the "stew" once again,
Back where bullets hum,
It's enough to drive one insane—
No wonder they issue the rum.
It's not that a man feels a coward,
But oh, how the life does pall!
Your best thoughts all seem overpowered,
You're longing for evening to fall.
 Wanting to kill,
 Having the will,
 A "Blighty" would do you no harm,
 Work in the muck,
 Think of the luck
 Of the "Conchie" who's put on the farm.

The first day you feel in a dream,
You soon come around,
You'll forget the fruit and cream
When hearing a whizz-bang sound.
You'll get in the swing again,
Do your turn at the "post,"
Forget that you once had a brain,
You're a piece of machine at the most.
 Shovel and pick,
 To it you stick,
 Time drags so fitfully long,
 Tasting of Hell,
 Bullets and shell,
 Such folly for Empires so strong.

A RUDE AWAKENING.

Did you ever
Steal away beside a stream,
Fall asleep and have a dream—
Dream of home and folks back there,
The joys in which you used to share?

Forgotten was the twelve-inch shell,
Barb-wire, Germans, mud and Hell;
Forgot old England, Belgium, France,
Rifle, bayonet, sword and lance.

Forgotten was the "Silver Shred,"
Bully beef without the bread,
Forgot the hard-tack, jam and tea,
And greasy old Maconachie.

The first scene in that dream of yours
You saw yourself performing chores,
You saw the home, the land you know,
Where poplar, pine and maple grow.

At dinner-time the table there
Was groaning with its weight of fare,
Such dainty things your mother made,
Your place at table neatly laid.

Your dad in his accustomed place,
Good-humor shining in his face,
Was carving up the turkey plump,
When someone yells, and up you jump.

Sergeant Brown, confound his hide,
Just robbed your hungry, gaunt inside,
As through those eats you start to wade:
"Come on," he said, "Get on parade!"

MY PAL, V.C.

A Story Told in Hospital by a Wounded Cockney.

W'en all you lads 'ave finished, and 'ave 'ad yer little
say,

Some of yer attention 'ere I want yer all ter pay.

I want ter tell me story, it ain't so very long,

Abart a bloke in our lot; Blimey! wasn't he strong!

'E came aht in a draft to us abart a year ago,

Got isself well liked by us and 'ated by the foe,

'Cause that chap could shoot so well, that at a thousand
yards

We've seed 'im bring a German dahn, to pass in all 'is
cards.

'E'd find 'isself a lonely spot, not far be'ind the line

An' rest there quietly all day, an' say "I'm doin' fine,"

With now an' then a rifle shot ter tell us that 'e'd found

A target for 'is deadly gun—'e seldom missed a round.

'E'd volunteer to go fer grub, or go out fixin' wire,

'E'd be the first ter cheer yer up, or make a little fire;

'E'd brew a dixie full of tea, then 'and it to the boys,

Would want to share our sorrers, so we 'arved wiv 'im
our joys.

An' w'en a parcel came to us 'e'd always get a share,

'E chummed wiv me a little bit—we were a curious
pair;

'Is 'ight was all of six foot two, wile mine was five foot
six,

I'll tell yer now abart the scrap, in which we 'ad ter
mix.

We started out one mornin' the Boches to attack,

We knew an' felt that lots of us, p'raps, never would
come back,

We 'adn't gone but twenty yards w'en men begins ter fall—

I looked aside ter see if I could spot me pal so tall.
It wasn't 'ard ter make 'im out, 'e'd bound ter be in front,

The Germans 'ad climbed on the "bags" and there a little runt

Was sightin' 'is machine gun an' 'fore 'e could take aim
Me pal got 'im wiv standin' shot an' stopped 'is little game.

We passed the shattered wire there, an' got in 'and ter 'and,

The only time I ever seed the Germans make a stand.
I was 'untin' all around fer a place to put me point
W'en a bullet flips me shoulder an' splatters on the joint.

Me rifle dropped—I 'ad no bombs—me right arm was no use—

I jumps down in that German trench—I 'ad a good excuse

Ter try an' fix me arm a bit, which was bleedin' pretty free,

W'en steppin' from a dugout came some Boches—one, two, three.

One jabs at me wiv baynit, but I quickly 'ops aside
Expectin' every second to get punctured in the 'ide.

Just then I sees me big tall pal, the same time 'e saw me,

'E jumps an' kicks that German's 'ead—this I sees wiv glee.

'Is baynit was all snapped off short, but usin' as a club

The rifle which 'e firmly grasped, 'e 'anded out a "sub,"

An' down went Mister Number Two—me wound I
 quite forgot
 As watchin' 'im go for the third I stuck right to the
 spot.
 'Twas man ter man, all weapons gone, a sight I
 won't forget;
 Of equal size—They clinched an' fell, down in the mud
 an' wet.
 Wiv grunt an' curse each tried fer 'old, the Boche upon
 'is back,
 W'en me pal at last got one good grip—I 'eard a sick-
 nin' crack.
 The struggle ceased. I then got up an' went ter where
 'e sat;
 'E greeted me wiv "Wot yer, mate—'ave yer seed me
 'at?^t
 'Is face all streaked wiv mud an' blood, 'e wasn't arf
 a sight,
 I couldn't speak ter thank 'im gettin' me from place so
 tight.
 I grips 'is 'and there wiv me left, me right one wouldn't
 work,
 'E noticed it an' 'elped me up, there in the mist an'
 murk,
 W'en suddenly our N C O, good ole Jim McBride,
 Came through the mist, an' seein' us, wiv 'usky voice
 'e cried
 "We've got ter go back to the trench, they're massin'
 fer attack,
 'Arf our bloomin' lads are gone, we must 'old them
 devils back."
 We slowly picked our way across, w'en a whistlin'
 screamin' shell

Burst an' flashed among us, I crumpled up an' fell.
 W'en I woke up 'twas in the night, I was lyin' in a
 'ole,
 A frightful throbbin' in me leg an' blackness in me
 soul.
 A star-shell flared across the sky, then slowly shed its
 light;
 So worm-like, twistin' round a bit I sees just on me
 right
 Wot was left a Jim McBride, an' a lump came in me
 throat,
 As fine a bloke as ever lived, but I was pleased ter
 note
 The absence of me big tall pal, no sign of 'im I saw,
 "The shell's not made that will kill me," 'e'd said some
 time afore,
 Reflectin' thus I tried ter crawl, but found it was no
 go,
 W'ile reachin' for me water-can, I 'ears a voice quite
 low:
 "W'ere are yer, Jack—can yer 'ear?" Wiv joy I
 nearly cried,
 If 'e 'adn't found me there that night I bet yer I'd a
 died.
 "A swig o' this, old pal," 'e said, "then lie across me
 back,
 Cheer-o, old man, yer ain't dead yet—just leave yer
 'aversack."
 Then lifted me from out that 'ole, an' started for the
 trench,
 Me leg an' arm just ached like 'ell, me teeth I 'ad ter
 clench.
 All through the shell-'oles an' the wire, it wasn't a
 cushy ride,

But thinkin' of that pal a mine me 'eart just thrilled
wiv pride.

We got amongst our lads at last, an' pleased I was ter
find

There wasn't a wounded man of ours who 'ad been left
be'ind.

Me pal 'ad brought in six 'imself, not includin' me,
Our brave O C was weepin', but as proud as man
could be.

This all 'appened months ago—I'm out of it for good,
Me leg yer see is missin' but I'm gettin' one a wood.
But I'm proud ter be a Britisher, I'll tell yer why,
yer see,

"The Hempire breeds such men as my old pal—V C."

"CIGARETTE."

There is no fun
When "fags" are done—
Your mates will fume and fret;
The lucky man
Is he who can
Produce a cigarette.

If on the road
To French abode,
Where farm-yard smells will choke,
Without a sou,
You're never blue
As long as you've a smoke.

You spin a yarn
In lousy barn
And speak of pals you've met,
Can sing a song
The whole night long
If you've a cigarette.

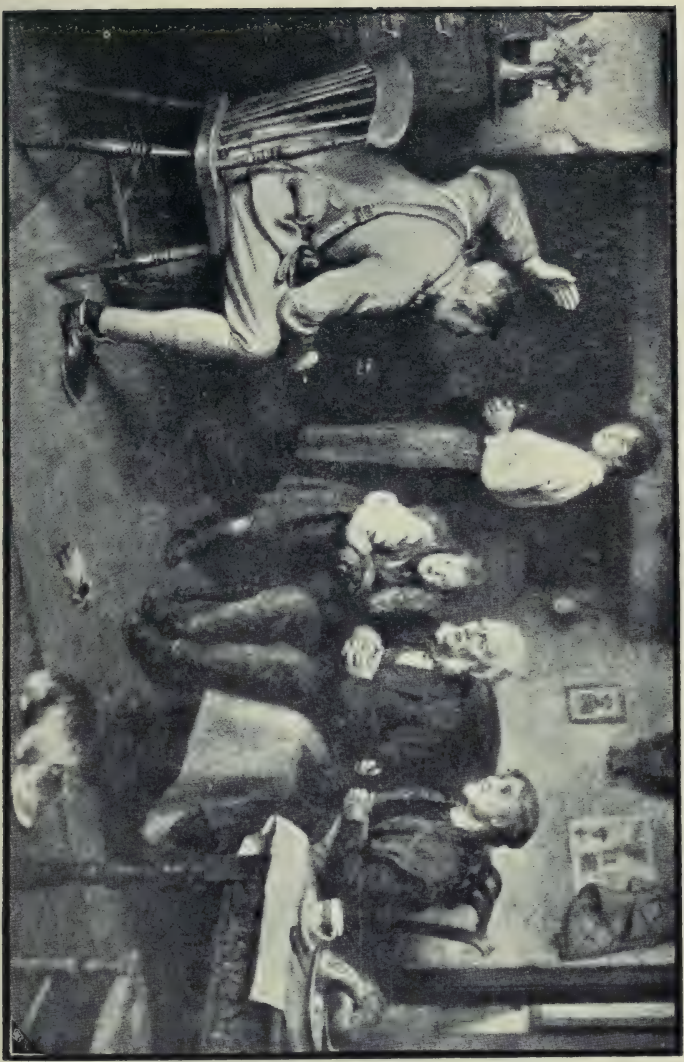
There is a time,
And it's no crime
When "nerves" you badly get,
Should this be you,
Then this is true,
Just try a cigarette.

Though rain will drench
The dreary trench,
And icy breezes blow,
E'en though half-spent,
You feel content
With cigarette aglow.

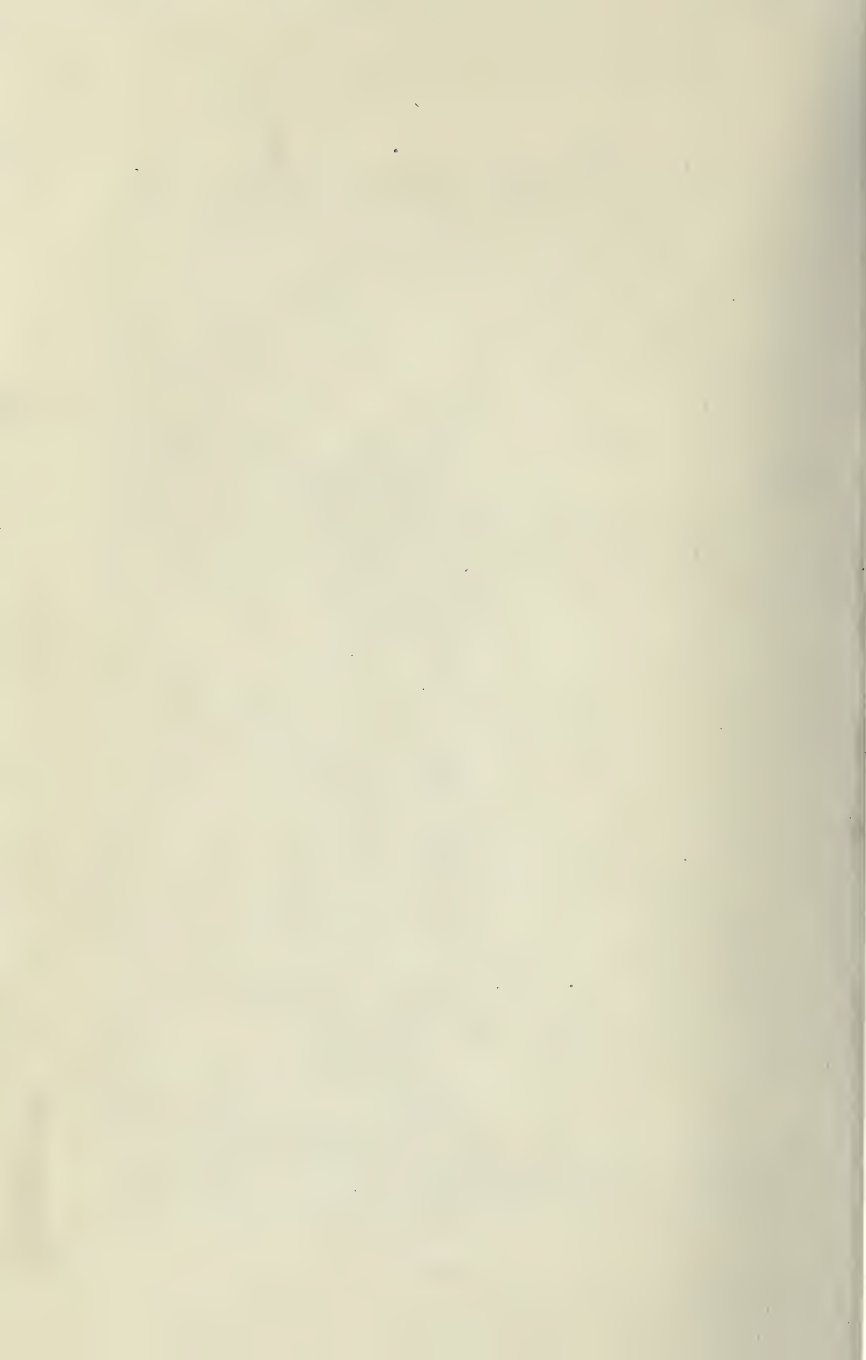
A soothing power
In lonely hour,
It brings a blissful calm,
In throbbing pain,
When hardly sane,
'Tis Nature's healing balm.

In clashing strife
Through darkest life—
Wounded, cold and wet,
E'en though you bled
And almost dead
You smoked a cigarette.

Miss Ruby Queen
Has often been
The subject of a joke,
But in her arms
Life has its charms,
Especially when you're "broke."



TALES OF FLANDERS



"CEASE FIRE."

"Cease Fire" has gone—we pile our arms,
Return to office, trades, and farms.
Nations, bow the knee to ground
For belching gun has ceased to sound.
The living shall their voices raise
In words of thankfulness and praise;
The living dead no longer seen
Will speak when France is once more green.
But you, old comrade, can't forget
In years to come, the pals you met;
You'll think about your share of war:
Bon soir, old comrade—Au revoir!

"RETURNING HOME."

(A Sketch)

Steaming steadily over the gently swelling waters of the mighty St. Lawrence, the home-coming troopship bears its living burden towards the shores of Canada. What unutterable joy in the thought that this is OUR country, the land we have suffered and fought for, the land we are proud of, the land we love. Whether by right of birth or adoption it matters little—it is OUR country.

No whining, droning, whistling shells, carrying death and destruction in their train, are to fall on those green hillsides and whitewashed dwellings; no lethal devices of science, spelling terror and tragedy, are to be dropped from the skies on those thriving, peace-loving towns and villages; no arrogant alien enemy is to march through those streets to terrify our women and children. No; we have kept those shores inviolate, and today Canada is grateful for what her soldiers have accomplished. What though we fought on a foreign shore? Our deeds have been recorded and borne across the water, and those to whom we return know of the self-sacrifice, courage, devotion and love of country which inspired Canada's defenders, and caused so many thousands of them to lay down their lives. We loved our country before being called upon to defend her; but now, after fighting, suffering and enduring

untold hardships for her, that love is intensified until it becomes almost a passion and, Oh! the joy of knowing that it is we who have helped to make the name "Canada" respected and revered throughout the world. Never before have we realized so much as at present what patriotism means; love of country is of paramount importance, and the knowledge has come to us that a country such as ours is worthy of the best efforts any man or woman can put forth.

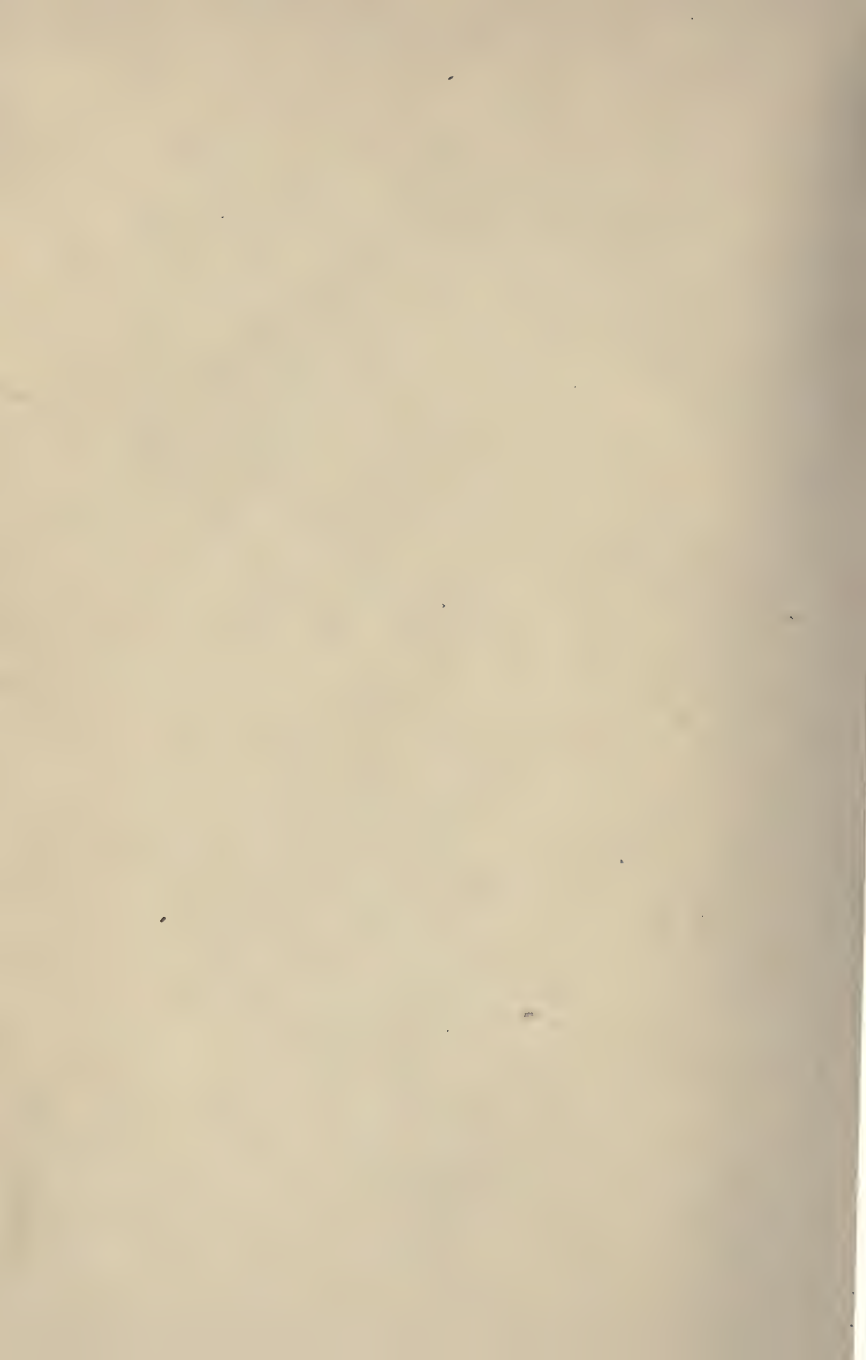
This land we are approaching is ours. Do our people at home realize what a heritage we have? Do they appreciate the many blessings a beneficent Providence has bestowed upon us? Do they value the Heaven-sent geographical position of our country, which has kept it from becoming the scene of violence and devastation such as characterizes the land we have recently left? Do they understand why so many have been willing to die for Canada? Partly, yes!

But it is the duty of all returned men to bring them to a fuller, keener, and more complete comprehension of the word "Patriotism." We have the finest country in the world, and if the scourging fires through which we have all passed have brought us to a deeper realization of that fact, then the men who died in Flanders have indeed not died in vain.

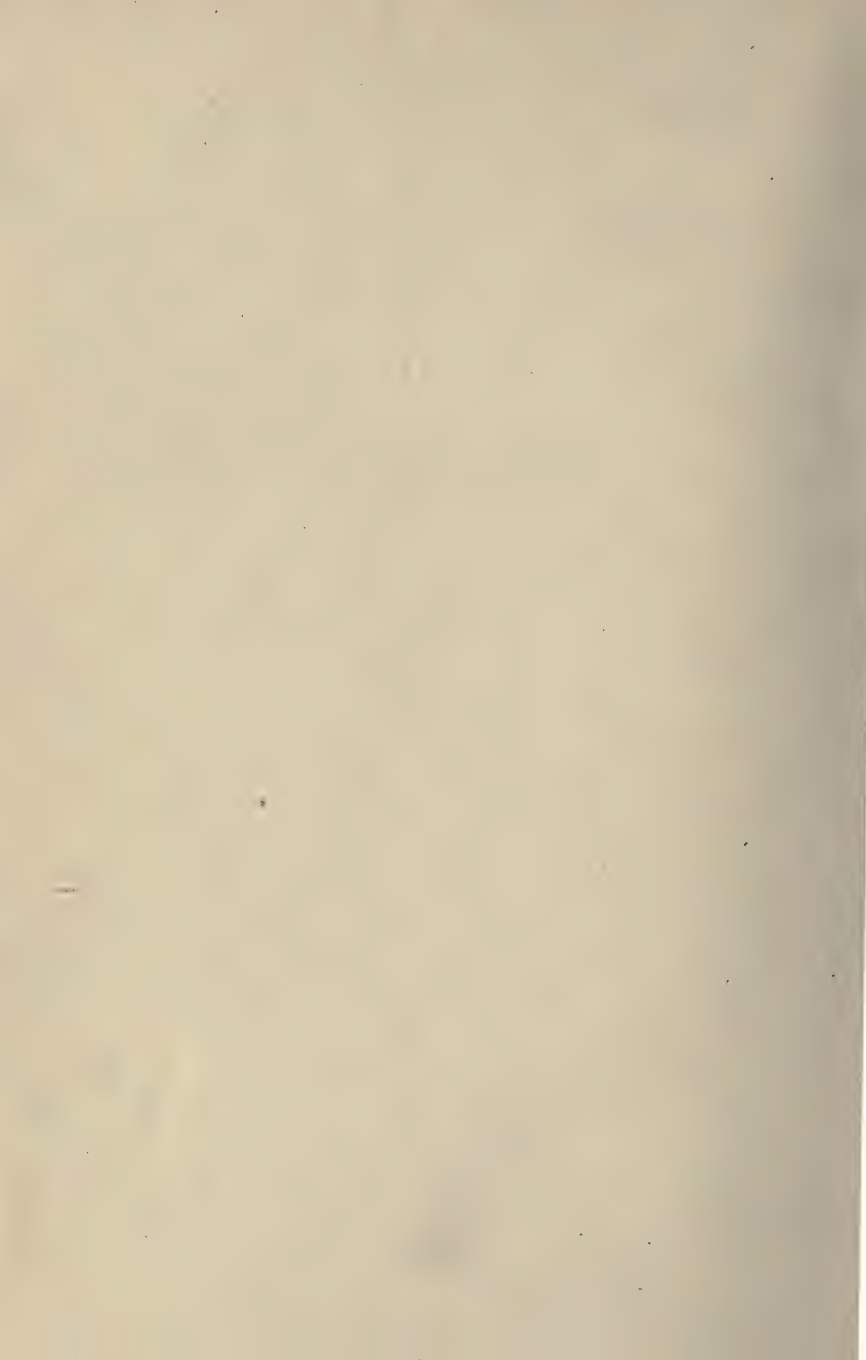
As the shores gradually close in and figures become distinguishable on either bank, the band on board commences to play Canada's National Anthem, and as its thrilling, emotion-stirring strains float across the

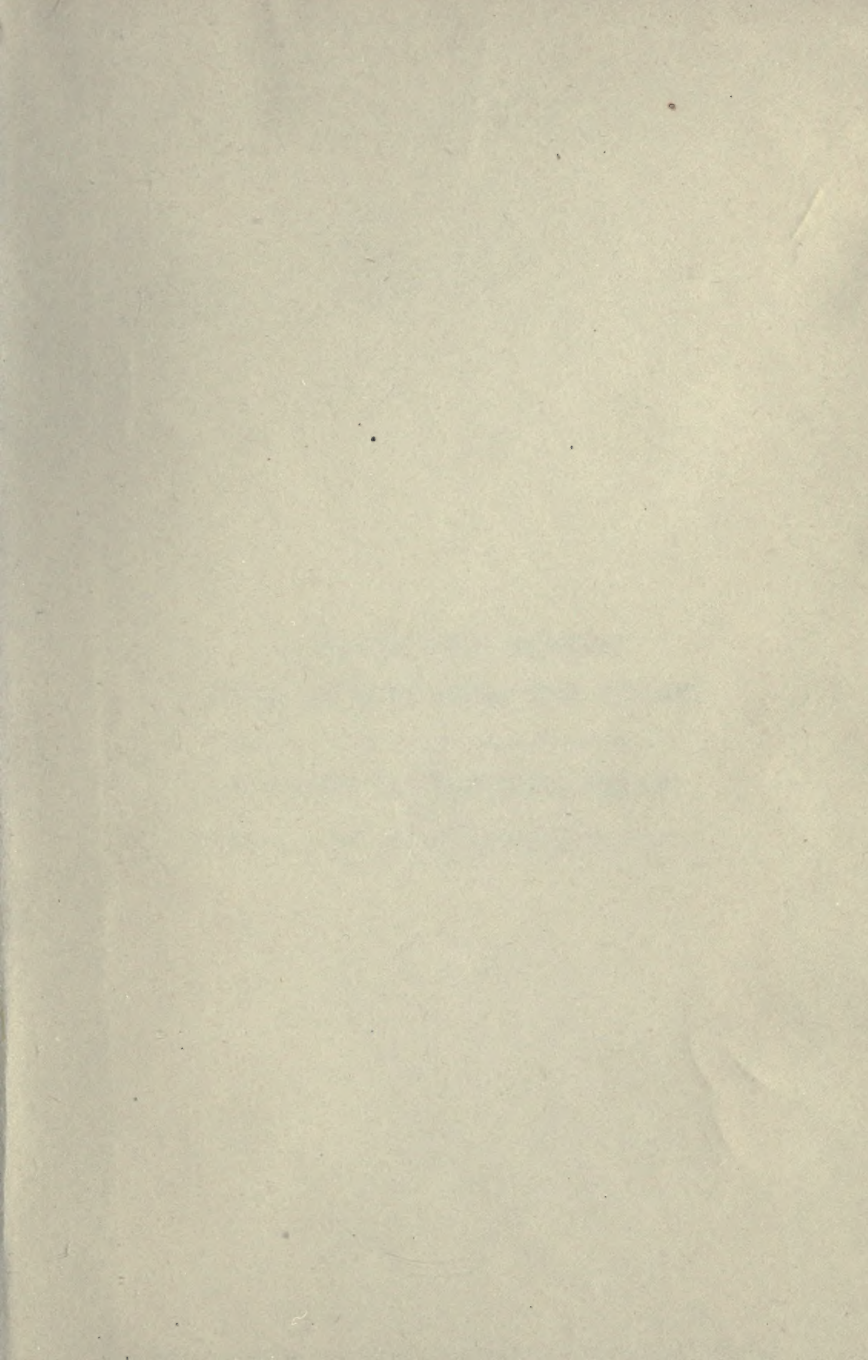
water to those on shore, I wonder whether its true significance is conveyed to them, or whether it vibrates on their heart-strings to the same extent as it does on ours. Remember, it was the last piece of music many of our boys heard before laying down their lives, and as the last stanza is being played we fit the words to the melody and repeat with heart-felt, fervent emotion:

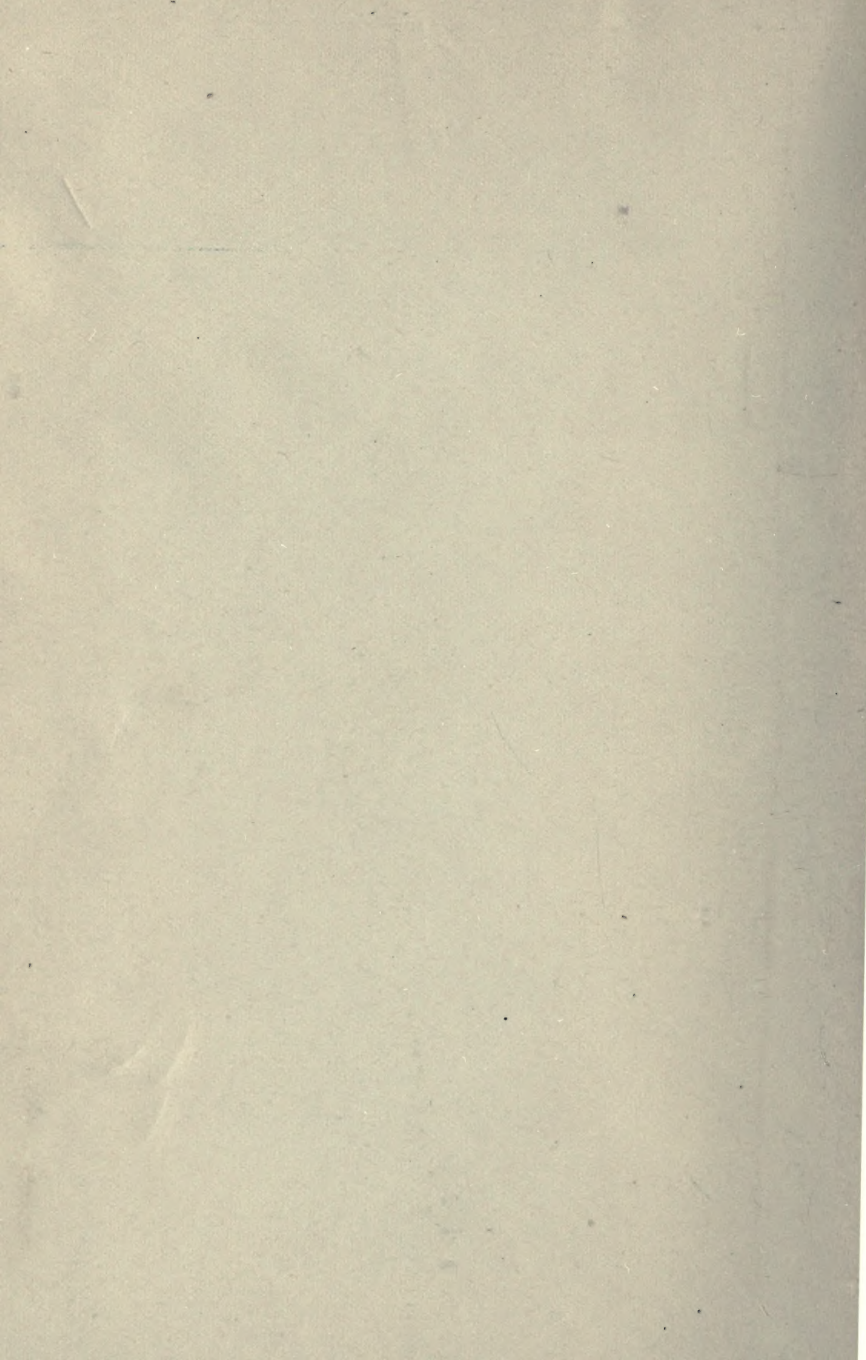
“O Canada! We stand on guard for thee.”











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Palmer, George
Stand to

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